

# The Democratic Pioneer.

BY L. D. STARKE.

**TERMS.**  
THE  
**DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.**  
L. D. Starke, Editor and Proprietor.  
Published every Tuesday, at the  
following rates:  
**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
Single copy, one year, \$2 50  
Single copy, one year, 11 00  
Single copy, one year, 20 00  
**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
A square of 16 lines or less, first  
insertion, \$1.00; every subsequent one,  
50 cents.  
Annual arrangements made on  
able terms.  
Office corner of Main and Road  
streets.

## POETRY.

Lilly Lee.

BY ALICE CARRY.

I love thee, Lilly Lee,  
The petal love the sea,  
The willow loves the thyme,  
The post loves the rhyme,  
The blossoms love the dew—  
The angels love the too.

When the twilight's dying head  
The golden sheeted bed,  
The silent stars drew near,  
The tremulous with fear,  
The night's repelling frown  
The young zephyr down,  
I all my love to thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the gentle breast,  
The troubled sweet unrest,  
A bird too near the net,  
The flower's hand hath set;  
The mortal eyes the while  
The spirit speaking smile,  
I all my love to thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

When the heart loves the wave  
The flower loves the grave,  
The penitent loves prayer,  
The passion loves despair,  
I, and still love I thee,  
Lilly Lee.

TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 6, 1854.

VOL. 4--NO. 44

## VARIETY.

It is said that the tea most in favor among unmarried ladies, is *deau-de.*

What fruit is like man and wife? Ans.—The pear (Pair) to be sure.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—Any man who goes up in a balloon?

In Utah, a man who has not more than two wives is rated as a bachelor.

Why is a dirty boy like a Chanticleer? Ans.—Because he is a male fowl (fowl).

Why is the letter *i*, like the snort of a horse? Because it makes a noise in a nose.

What portion of the earth would you name in telling a young man to eye a lady? Ans.—Louisiana, (Louis-eye-Anna).

Why is a pretty young lady like corn in a scarce time? Because she ought to be husbanded.

Johnson says that the greatest magicians of the age are the paper makers. They transform the beggar's rag into sheets for editors to lie on.

The world is like a stubble field in which the greatest geese pick up the most of the golden grains.

Sal, said liping Bill, 'if you don't love me, thy tho, and if you do love me and don't like to thy tho, squeth my handth.'

The last gift enterprise is the announcement of one hundred thousand bundles of cigars, price per chance, one dollar. The affair will probably end in smoke.

There is a young woman in Cincinnati who sets type from Phonographic copy, though she has only been in the business four months—her name is Foote.

Pious gentleman—My boy! my boy! you do very wrong to fish on Sunday. Boy—It can't be no harm, sir, I aint catchin' nothin'!

## CURIOSITIES.

A hair from the head of a river.

A blanket from the bed of the ocean.

A pillow from glory's bed.

A one dollar bill from the change of the moon.

Some spokes belonging to the wheels of government.

Some bark peeled from off the North pole.

A lump of ore from the mine of knowledge.

The following grows out of the marriage of Mr. Wright to Miss Betterway—

If I am right, Thy grace impart!  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find the Betterway.

An editor in New Hampshire offers to bet his head against a sixpence upon some political question. A brother-editor accepts the bet—says he thinks it an even one. Who shall hold the stakes?

The following toast was drunk at a social gathering in Baltimore a few days since. It is hard to beat. In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend.

FIVE CALVES AT A BIRTH.—The London Veterinarian gives a well attested and unprecedented instance of a cow giving birth in one day to five live healthy calves, all of which, a few days afterwards, were alive and vigorous, and have every appearance of continuing so. They are all very nearly of a size, and are large than could be supposed.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Ma! didn't the minister say, last Sunday, that the snarks flew upward? Yes, my dear, how came you to be thinking of it?

Because, yesterday, I saw cousin Sally's snark stagger along the street and fall down dead.

Here, Bridget, put this child to bed; she must be getting sleepy.

A youngster who had just risen to the dignity of the first pair of boots with heels to them laid himself liable, through some misadventure, to maternal chastisement. After pleading to get clear, to no effect, he exclaimed: 'Well, if I've got to stand it, I mean to take off my boots.'

Why? asked his mother.

Because I won't be whipped in them new boots, no how. That's so.

Bishop Burnet once preaching before Charles II., was much warmed by his subject, and, uttering a religious truth in a very earnest manner, with great vehemence struck his clenched hand upon the desk, and cried out: 'Who dares deny this?'

Faith, observed the king, in a key not quite so loud as the preacher, 'nobody, I should think, that is within reach of that great list of yours.'

Too Good to be Lost.—The funniest stories now in vogue are the original sayings of little folks, whose impressions of things are sometimes remarkable for their quaintness and humor. Thus lately—as we had it from the lips of the lady herself—her little son a roguish chap, knee-high to a hole in the ground, heard her complaining at the table of the quality of the butter in market. Evening came and he knelt, and in repeating the 'Lord's Prayer,' paused after asking of his daily bread, and added, in a whisper: 'Mother, hadn't I better speak for a little good butter, too?'

might have supposed that Mrs. Hauteville's party was the only one that would ever be given—that it would enjoy as much of a distinction as the last rose of summer; and Ella raised her violet eyes until they were perfect notes of interrogation, when her mother impressively observed:

'Recollect that on this, your first appearance in the world, depends everything.'

'Don't recollect any such thing!' exclaimed her father, 'upon this first appearance depends nothing but the certainty of your having more beaux than you can possibly talk to, and hearing more non-sense than you can possibly understand. And now let us take a visit to the bowling-alley—you look fairly bleached for want of exercise.'

The next moment they were flying down the path, and Mrs. Brellington watched Ella's glowing face and disordered hair with a conviction that her praiseworthy efforts in that daughter's behalf were entirely wasted.

The important evening arrived, and Ella was placed under the hands of the French maid hours before it was necessary. Upon the subject of her toilet all had had something to say; and yet such was Mrs. Brellington's tact that none felt offended at the rejection of their proposals.

There was Miss Jerusha Brellington, a rich, spinster aunt of Mr. Brellington's, who was a perfect terror to her relations from a habit of hunting up causes of offence and making a fresh will at least once a week. She had lost a lover in her younger days, by testing the strength of his affection in various unique ways that have not transpired.

This lady, having produced a thick brocade silk, that fairly stood alone from its very richness, with some magnificent old lace, that looked as though it had just been baptized in coffee, took the chair and held forth upon the mighty things that had been done by herself in that snuff-colored brocade. She concluded by observing, in a manner that expressed her conviction of being accommodating to a fault, that she would allow the dress to be taken in for Ella, and, perhaps, modernized a little!

Ella's tip-toe height was only an inch above five feet, and her two arms would scarcely fill one ample sleeve of Miss Jerusha's dress; therefore she laughed in the very face of her scandalized aunt in uncontrollable merriment.

Mrs. Brellington would as soon have equipped the pretty debutante in one of her drawing-room curtains, but she wisely remembered that the self-important spinster had property to give and bequeath; so she laid her hand on Miss Jerusha's shoulder, and looking down into her face, with an expression that seemed to be saying: 'You generous woman!' she replied, in the most grateful of voices:

'Dear aunt, this is really too kind! Don't mention it,' said Miss Jerusha, looking as though her niece ought to be too full for utterance.

'We all know how much you prize that elegant dress—' Miss Jerusha turned it over and regarded it affectionately, 'but even my partiality cannot consider Ella as suitably attired in any dress that has been graced by you!'

Miss Jerusha looked reflective, and encountered her niece's eyes in the mirror.

'We all know what you must have been in that dress,' proceeded Mrs. Brellington, in a touching manner, 'you have kindly given us a description of your appearance, thus attired—and do not, my dear aunt, for one moment imagine that we cannot appreciate you without such sacrifices. Believe me that I shall be far better satisfied with Ella in a toilet more adapted to her humble charms than if she were attired with the unworthy attempt of aping that which is so far above her.'

Miss Jerusha looked triumphant, as she departed with the treasured brocade; and that very evening she remade her will in favor of her dear niece, Sarah Brellington.

The next attack came from grand-mother Brellington. The old lady had set her heart upon seeing Ella decked in a pair of pearl earrings, a garnet necklace, and a brooch of turquoise and diamonds. The articles were exquisite in the fashion of a by-gone time; but Mrs. Brellington, who had a nervous horror of things that didn't match, adroitly replied:

'We really do not deserve so much kindness! But, my dear madam, you must not tempt me with a sight of these beautiful ornaments, for Ella is such a careless little thing that I cannot allow her to wear them. Think how I should feel if she returned without that exquisite brooch, or if the drop of one of those lovely ear-rings should be missing!'

Grand-mother looked frightened; they were too valuable to be lost, and she hastily replaced them in their cases—saying, as she did so:

'Well, well—we must try to console the child for her disappointment.'

But Ella was not even aware of the existence of the ornaments, for during the discussion she had been deeply absorbed in the pages of 'Henrietta.'

She certainly was a strange child; and so thought her mother as she entered her room on the night preceding that eventful evening. The apartment had been furnished by a mother who was both able and anxious to gratify every fancy of a beloved child; and articles of beauty were grouped around in charming confusion.

Ella was asleep; and Mrs. Brellington approached the richly carved bedstead with its pink and white draperies, and stood watching the slumberer, as she had often watched in by-gone years. She glanced at the small, white hand that rested on the counterpane, and started at the sight of a slender ring of gold,

in which was set a small ruby heart—She had never seen the ring before—who could have given it to her? It looked so suspiciously like a *gage d'amour*, but it might prove nothing more alarming than a *gage d'amitie*. 'Some school girl token, I suppose,' thought the watchful mother; but she determined to question Ella upon the subject.

The next morning Ella blushed and hesitated beneath her mother's searching glance; but at length she replied:

'I have had it for some time—I got it at aunt Sarah's.'

'Did aunt Sarah give it to you?' continued Mrs. Brellington.

'Please don't ask me now, dear mother,' replied Ella, in great distress, 'I will tell you all about it to-morrow.'

Mrs. Brellington was anxious to hear the whole story at once; but Ella coaxed, and the wary mother, reflecting that a scene might materially interfere with her hopes and expectations for the evening, prudently dropped the subject for the present.

Poor Ella! It was with a heavy heart that she surveyed the party preparations; and while trying on her wreath, her busy thoughts conjured up a background of grand old trees and summer skies—and another hand than hers twined wreaths of violets gathered beside the child brook. For in her heart the poor child carried a secret that had not even been unfolded to her indulgent father; a something would rise up to choke her on the very eve of an unuttered confession. So all that day she roamed vaguely through the house; and when her eye fell upon the ruby heart, her own grew heavy.

Years ago, when Ella Brellington was a sickly, half-neglected child, she had been confided to the care of Mrs. Brellington's aunt—a kind-hearted, energetic woman, who would now-a-days be termed 'strong-minded,' from the fact of managing her own farm. After a short sojourn at aunt Sarah's, it would scarcely have been possible to identify the delicate child with the rosy-tongued girl who delighted to climb fences, swing on gates, and do everything else not usually found in books of etiquette for girls.

Ella's rapid progress in such accomplishments was doubtless owing to her boy-companion, Lindley Melwood, who seemed to have taken root at aunt Sarah's before the young lady's arrival. He was the orphan child of a much-lamented friend; and aunt Sarah insisted upon his making her house his home. Lindley remained in obedience to her wishes; but having a more than common share of enthusiasm and love of adventure, he determined, before long, to carve out his own way.

The little, bright-eyed Ella soon re-joined with her dream—and while the child sat playing with the daisies and uttering, he loved to picture her in all the graces of beautiful womanhood—two sets of teeth, hand in hand, upon the pilgrimage of life.

Lindley was very much given to repeating poetry, and while indulging such visions, he was sure to think of these beautiful lines of Longfellow's:

Not as a child shall we again behold her,  
For when, with rapture wild,  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child!

But a fair maiden in her father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautified with all the soul's expansion,  
Shall we behold her face!

One day, when Ella was about fourteen, her mother suddenly remembered her existence—a circumstance nearly forgotten in Mrs. Brellington's unending round of gayeties and the absent laughter was forthwith recalled. Lindley had before this departed to seek his fortune, as the fairy tale says; but there had been quite a scene in the old grape-arbor, and Ella emerged from the interview the possessor of the ruby heart, which she had purchased at the price of her own.

Aunt Sarah yielded up her charge, little deeming that 'the baby,' as she still called her, had had the audacity to become engaged; and Mrs. Brellington received her without a doubt that, except in the matter of health and the natural change effected in five years, she was set at naught by the daughter whom one of aunt Sarah's country neighbors had pronounced her 'too lazy to raise.'

This was the episode in the young life of Ella Brellington that threatened to cloud all her future days.

Mrs. Brellington, though a skillful maneuver, was filled in her first appearance should at least be characterized by magnificence; and for this desirable end she had procured an elegant white satin dress, brocaded with silver, and had her own rich diamonds splendidly reset; but papa declared that 'he would not have his perfect little piece of statuary overloaded in this heavy style.' So he and Ella put their heads together and between them composed a dress which Mrs. Brellington at once vetoed as 'romantic looking.'

But papa persevered, and Ella was treated; and with considerable reluctance the French assistant arranged the folds of lace beneath which glistered the satin under-skirt. Bouquets of violets looped on the over-dress, and one purple clove fastened the folds of lace at the bosom; while a wreath of the same colored hair of the wearer. Even the disappointed mother acknowledged to herself that the smiling, young party-goer looked wondrously lovely; while papa contemplated her dress with rapture, as entirely his own work—although, had Ella followed his directions implicitly, her appearance would have been decidedly unique.

Mrs. Brellington had, unfortunately, buried her foot in a manner that prevented her from using it, and after watching and tending it in vain for Mrs.

Hauteville's party, she was reluctantly obliged to consign Ella to the care of another chaperone. Mr. Brellington was to accompany his daughter; and in the dressing-room they were to meet an old friend of mamma's who was delighted to usher in the radiance of this new star.

Ella, beautiful as a dream, of the genius of spring, as she sat there decked with violets, thought sadly of the morrow's confession and scarcely raised her eyes to the many faces in the room—the property of various relatives who had assembled to pronounce their judgment upon her appearance.

Aunt Jerusha kindly observed that 'she would pass'—and then reflected what a splendid change would have been produced by the snuff-colored brocade. Grandmother Brellington thought that she 'really did very well,' but sighed as she remembered the beauties of her own day, and how they had degenerated; then, a person must really deserve the distinction of belle-ships—now, a little beauty, a great deal of brass, a fantastic style of dress, and numerous unmeaning airs and graces did the thing at once.

Other less important judges were enraptured with the fair vision who sat absorbed in a silent contemplation of her bouquet; and Mr. Brellington, after surveying her from all points of view, observed in a tone half earnest, half ironical:

'Your first party, Ella! Your first introduction to the gay world—I think that is the phrase—and to friends who will commence their good offices by criticizing your dress, disapproving your style, and insinuating that the confidence of the debutante is, doubtless, the skill of the practised tactician.'

'But I am wrong,' he added, as his face resumed its pleasant expression, to give you this peep behind the scenes. When more agreeable thoughts might occupy our hour of waiting. I was just thinking of my first party, and the other original ideas which, at that tender age, I attached to merry-making. I was then just fourteen; and was to have the honor of accompanying my sister, two years older, in the character of beau. I had been dressed for some time; and impatiently perambulating up and down, as I beheld one curl after another slowly emerge from its paper-chrysalis, I began to fear that my companion never would be presentable, and I exclaimed at length:

'Oh! sister! Do make haste! The party will certainly be in before we get there.'

'Whether I had visions of a demolished supper-table—expecting the first arrivals to make a hungry descent upon the viands—or whether I was tormented by the apparition of a room full of dancers, and no dancing-place for the sole of my feet, I do not remember; but my appeal, instead of hastening matters, proved fatal to the already arranged curls, and it took my sister some time to recover from a fit of laughter.'

'My first party,' said Mrs. Brellington, was a rise surrounded by thorns. I was young in such things, then, and my mother had just bought me a particularly handsome, round, shell-comb, to keep back my hair. I had broken several before, and was strictly charged not to remove this from my head during the evening.

'Ever, however, couldn't be contented in Paradise, without knowing how those apples tasted; and before long, I was boasting to my companions of the wonderful stretching qualities possessed by the comb. Upon the principle that 'seeing is believing,' I attempted to illustrate my assertion; but as I sat pulling the elastic shell, it suddenly snapped in two—and I remained for some moments overwhelmed by the thoughts of punishment. But at the supper-table a bright idea struck me; mamma, I knew, was fond of macarons, and watching an opportunity I slipped half a dozen in my pocket for a snuff-offering.'

'I presented these and the broken comb together; but, instead of being appeased, mamma was perfectly horrified—and I am quite certain that the severest punishment I ever received was given more for my vulgarity than for my disobedience.'

'I shall watch your pocket this evening, Ella,' said her father, laughingly, 'so that no contraband goods are shipped into it. I think, though,' he added, 'that you are more in danger from love-letters than confectionery.'

Ella's face was perfectly crimson, and complaining of the heat, she walked into the conservatory; but her father soon joined her to ask an explanation of this singular emotion.

She told him all, but the expression of his countenance puzzled her. He looked neither surprised, nor grieved nor angry.

'Unfortunately for your candor,' said he, at length, 'I have heard very much such a story before. Tale-bearers are to be found everywhere, and I the friend who informed me of your singular penchant was by no means a disinterested one.'

Could aunt Sarah have been in the arbor on the eventful afternoon? Had she related, then, their conversation? Ella's face wore such a look of distressful interrogation that Mr. Brellington was quite moved by it!

'I am ashamed of you, Ella!' said he, with a merry light in his eyes, 'you are a perfect disgrace to the sisterhood! After being got up regardless of trouble or expense, to go forth and distinguish yourself in the peculiar line of practice! I need to give a death-blow to the hopes of you & sanguine relations by acknowledging yourself to be a perfectly harmless individual—having parted with the same to a harlequin of a young man,

who seems to have distinguished himself in your eyes by turning somersets and climbing fences!'

'Oh, papa!' said Ella, reproachfully, 'how can you?'

'I don't know, indeed,' said he, 'how I can—for you are, of course, pondering over the possibility of my consenting to smile upon this ridiculous love affair. Nought and nought never made anything when I was at school, so, how can you two expect to become one? For I had it, from the best authority, that your hero is as unencumbered with worldly goods as any romance reader could desire.'

Ella was mercilessly pulling the cart-wheel to pieces, but she looked up to say in such a tone: 'Oh, papa! If you had only seen him!'

Mr. Brellington smiled and turned his head toward the door; but Ella thought his silence ominous, and mournfully followed him back to the drawing-room.

Aunt Jerusha was just fairly started (for the fortieth time) on the narrative of her 'first party,' which comprised the entire history of that wonderful brocade—a description of her whole personal appearance and powers of fascination—with other particulars 'too numerous to mention'—when, to the relief of her auditory, the hall-bell was violently pulled, and all exclaimed: 'There's the carriage!'

Ella stepped into the hall as the door was opened; but instead of Thomas, she beheld an elegant-looking young gentleman, and a face which, though considerably altered, had often looked down upon her from the top of a tree, or gleamed roguishly out from loads of hay.

Lindley Melwood stood cazing upon her young May queen, who had appeared so suddenly in silent admiration; while Ella neither scorned nor approached him; but in spite of the rudeness of the thing she retreated into the parlor, and sought refuge in the farthest corner. Provoked at her own folly, she sat waiting the result with feelings that were a perfect whirlpool of confusion.

The first words that fell upon her ear were an exclamation from her father: 'Lindley Melwood! Is it possible? This is very unexpected!'

Then followed some communication in a low tone that she easily recognized; and Mr. Brellington entered the drawing-room with the guest—saying, as he presented him to his wife, 'Allow me to introduce a young friend of mine and an old playmate of Ella's—me, who is dear to me as well for his father's sake as for his own.'

Mrs. Brellington was too well-bred to show her surprise; but Ella felt too foolish than ever. She trembled and hesitated an



je 5-2:







